UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Votes for Women!

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Man's Deepest Need

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

A Fable

By HAROLD GUY DON SCOTT

VOLUME LXXXVI NUMBER 1

Chicago, September 9, 1920

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$3.00 PER ANNUM.

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices

EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin L. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
George W. Nasmyth
Susan M. Quackenbush
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Request

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Contents:

EDITORIAL—
Notes 3
Votes for Women!—John Haynes Holmes 7

CONTRIBUTED—
Man's Deepest Need.—J. T. Sunderland 8
The Holiest War Will Not Establish Peace.—Edward A. Lewis 9
A Fable.—Harold Guy Don Scott 11

SELECTED—
The Women's Uprising.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones* 12
News from Europe.—H. S. N 14

THE STUDY TABLE—
Wm. Z. Foster's "The Great Steel Strike".—Norman E. Himes 12
Through Ninety Years.—A. L. K 13

POETRY—
If I Were a Voice.—*Isaac R. Woodbury* 3
A Village Portrait.—*Margaret Steele Hard* 8
Blind.—*Thomas Curtis Clark* 9
Song.—James Waldo Fawcett 11

THE FIELD—
Militarism Versus Bolshevism in Europe 15

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1920 NUMBER 1

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might
And tell them to be true;
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air,
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from despair;
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
Then with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd fly the earth around,
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both loud and strong
The Gospel's joyful sound;
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice;
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

—*Isaac B. Woodbury.*

We have been told with some frequency, by irate antagonists, that we are simple-minded. We suppose that this is the reason why there are some things which we seem to fail utterly to understand. Here is France, for example! It is agreed that the government of this fairest and most heroic of all European lands, is in the clutches of as selfish and brutal a class of militarists as the continental chancellors have ever known. Indeed, we have the word of no less a man than President Wilson for this fact. It was the French militarists who defeated the best hopes of the Paris Conference, and imposed upon the world "the Carthaginian peace" which is today its doom. It was these same militarists who were foremost in denying justice to Russia and the hard-pressed Russian people. It is these militarists again who have been backing in Poland what *The Freeman* well styles "the most notorious, swashbuckling, pistol-toting, fresh young gang of imperialist cut-throats in the whole of Europe." All of which makes us wonder, in our simplicity, how it happens that a militarism, so conspicuous in France today, was non-existant before the Great War! Is this disheartening phenomenon entirely new in our time? Or was the great Italian historian, Ferrero, right when he declared, in his book entitled "Militarism," published just before the outbreak of the struggle in 1914, that France was the most militaristic country in Europe?

France, however, is not the only country where we are apparently betrayed by our simplicity of mind. For here in Russia, the problem of which, as presented by our daily press and the inspired outgivings of our Department of State, constantly confuses us. Thus we are told that the Russian people are starving, that they are stricken by disease, that their political and economic life is paralyzed; and that all this disaster is the result of the malevolence and incompetence of the Bolshevik rulers, and of the essentially unworkable character of the Soviet system of government. At the same time we are told by Mr. Henry P. Davidson and countless other observers, that exactly the same conditions of famine, pestilence and anarchy prevail in Hungary, Austria, Poland, the Balkans, Asia Minor and constantly widening areas of Germany and even Italy; but we are carefully taught that in these countries, unlike Russia, these calamities are the result simply of the waste and devastation of war. Now, in facing such logic as this, we feel exactly like Simple Simon, who couldn't carry water in a sieve. Is it true that identically the same conditions, in adjacent countries beset by the same contingencies of modern warfare, represent in the one case Bolshevist tyranny and in the other case war's aftermath? Or is Fritz Platten, a prominent member of the Swiss Parliament, nearer the truth when he says that the present condition of Russia is to be attributed "not to the Bolsheviki, but to six years of war and four years of blockade"?

Other questions also fret our simple-mindedness. Thus, (1) a workingman complains about his wages or hours of employment, and he is told by his employer that, if he doesn't like his job, he can get out. The workingman does this very thing—he abandons his job; and straightway the employer gets out injunctions and the militia to force him back to work. (2) Bolshevism is so weak, so utterly discredited, in Russia, that it cannot last a month longer. Bolshevism is so powerful, such a menace to civilization, that every resource of society must be used against it.

(3) In 1918 it was necessary, in order to save European civilization from destruction, to starve and kill Germans, to destroy Germany, to wipe the hated country off the map. In 1920 it is necessary, in order to save European civilization, to feed Germans, to reconstruct the shattered fabric of political and economic life in Germany, to restore the country to her former place in the world. (4) It is always our duty as Christians to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us, to pray for them which despitefully use us and persecute us. It is our duty as patriots to kill our enemies, to do evil to them that hate us, to prey upon them which despitefully use us and persecute us. These paradoxes are but illustrations of the innumerable contradictions which beset the simple mind. Perhaps, after all, it is better to be as wise as serpents, than as harmless as doves!

Here is a word of prophecy! The last military attempt to overthrow the Soviets, that of Poland, has failed. The blockade of Russia is being slowly but surely lifted. Trade relations between Russia and the Allies are being resumed. Recognition of the Lenin government is just around the corner. After two years of battling against the world single-handed, the Bolsheviki are everywhere and completely triumphant, and are dictating the terms of their entry into the family of nations. Now the prophecy! Expect to see your newspapers filled with stories about the changes made in Soviet policy; the abandonment in Russia of communist ideals, the conversion of Lenin and Trotzky to capitalism! These will all be lies, like everything else printed about the Bolsheviki in our official press during the past two years. The Bolsheviki are the same today that they have always been. But thus will defeated liars seek to save their faces!

The discussion of murder cases would seem to be decidedly out of place in the columns of UNITY. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from making mention of the Wanderer case, which has of late been attracting much public attention. Here is a man guilty of slaying an unoffending woman, his bride, and of such other crimes of violence and lust as have justified the police in branding him as "a gay Lothario and modern Bluebeard." Here is this same man, on the other hand, described by those who knew him as an army officer in the Great War, as a brave soldier and an unflinching hero. "Wanderer was a favorite in his company," is the testimony of Edward N. Sauter, a private in the machine gun division in which Wanderer was a lieutenant. "He was a brave man. I have seen him under fire in many engagements and he never flinched. He always saw his duty and did it like a patriotic American." Of such a moral paradox, two explanations are possible. If we argued as those argue who declare that all pacifists are cowards, we would say that Wanderer was a gallant soldier because at bottom he was a brute. Being too sensible, and we trust too kind, to visit any such slanderous generalization as this upon an entire group of our fellow-beings, we offer the second and much sounder explanation that Wanderer is a gentleman of natural courage and high character, who has been brutalized by the inevitably brutalizing influences of war. Professor James, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," quotes an Austrian army officer as follows:

> "Live and let live" is no device for an army. Contempt for one's own comrades, for the troops of the enemy . . are what war demands of everyone. . . . If the soldier is to be good for anything as a soldier, he must be exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man. . . . War and even peace require of the soldier absolutely peculiar standards of morality. The recruit brings with him common moral notions, of which he must seek immediately to get rid. . . . The most barbaric tendencies in men come to life again in war, and for war's use they are incommensurably good.

Commenting on this statement James says:

> These words are of course literally true. . . . The soldier cannot train himself to be too feelingless to all those usual sympathies and respects, whether for persons or things, that make for conservation.

Wanderer, the murderer, is a product of the War. His tragedy is a flaring sidelight on "the moral gains" of this vast struggle.

Speaking at the Harvard Summer School of Theology, on the question of pastoral visitation, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin declared that a minister should visit his people regularly in their homes and even in their places of business. "A home-going pastor," he said epigrammatically, "makes a church-going people." This utterance is entitled to utmost respect because of its origin. Dr. Coffin is not only an able preacher and a kindling teacher of youth, but he is also the successful pastor of one of the most worthily successful churches in New York. In speaking thus, this clergyman is laying down a principle tested and justified by his own experience. Even so, however, we beg to dissent—on the basis of experience wider than that of any single man. We know of many ministers who are tireless in calling upon their people, and who have yet never looked at anything but empty pews on Sunday morning. On the other hand, do we know of ministers who call, like physicians, only when they are summoned, and yet who preach to overflowing congregations. Substitute for Dr. Coffin, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, a man who had all his skill and fidelity as a parish visitant, but none of his fire as a preacher, none of his genius as an organizer, none of his magnetism as a gentleman of culture and charm, and we venture to prohecy that, within the space of a single year, this church would be as empty on Sundays as it is now full. We believe

as much as anybody in the value of personal contacts. We would not underestimate the duty of the church as a ministrant to individual need. But we insist that there is no one practice of traditional church life which is so futile, and therefore so wasteful, as that which is commonly known as "parish calls." It is at once exhausting to the minister, unwelcome to the people, and without effective influence either upon the lives of the individuals concerned or the life of the church as a body. The secret here, as we are just beginning to discover, is the organization of this side of church activity along lines similar to those now being marked out in the field of social service. The word "clinic," interpreted spiritually, may suggest what we here have no space to expound at length.

The death of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, on July 23rd last, marked the passing of one of the great women of our nation's history. Graduated in 1872 from Northwestern University, she became a teacher; and in 1882 founded with her husband the famous Classical School for Girls in Indianapolis. She remained the head of this school for twenty-five years, and during this period of residence became one of the most distinguished and useful citizens of Indianapolis and the Middle West. Her home, "Sewall House," as it was called, was the center of culture and hospitality; all famous visitors from abroad were there entertained, and all good causes born and nurtured. Booth Tarkington testifies that in these years, along with ex-President Harrison and James Whitcomb Riley, "she would necessarily have been chosen as one of the three most prominent citizens of the place." Outside her city and state she became a national and even a world figure in the service of pioneer reforms, especially woman suffrage and international peace. From 1881 to 1888 she was chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman's Suffrage Association; she organized and for years led the National Council of Women of the United States, and the International Council of Women; she was president of the World's Congress of Representative Women at the "World's Fair" in 1893, and was appointed by President McKinley in 1899 to represent the women of the United States at the series of congresses for *L'Exposition Universelle* at Paris in 1900. Just to name all the organizations with which Mrs. Sewall was connected in positions of distinguished honor and influence, would fill this column with titles. An able speaker and brilliant conversationalist, a master of several languages, the friend of great public leaders in many countries in Europe and Asia, a genius in work of organization and executive direction, a woman of infinite tact and charm, Mrs. Sewall devoted her extraordinary faculties throughout her life to the service of the highest ideals of human welfare. In a book entitled "Neither Dead Nor Sleeping," published only a few weeks before her death, she revealed an activity in the field of psychical research hitherto unknown and of the most extraordinary character. In religion, she confessed herself a member "of the school known as 'Parker' or 'Radical' Unitarian." She was at one time connected with the Unitarian Church in Indianapolis, and in her last years was a member of the Community Church of New York.

It is gratifying to read, in a recent number of *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* that contrary to all expectation, the establishment of prohibition has resulted in a decrease instead of an increase of drug addicts. That prohibition would reduce crime and sickness, ameliorate poverty, stabilize domestic life, was taken for granted, and is now being demonstrated by all statistical reports. But it was nearly everywhere feared that society would have to pay for these gains by a very real aggravation of the drug problem. If men are denied access to alcohol, is was argued, then they will inevitably seek the stimulus of something else, and drugs of course are the most effective and available resource. This expectation, however, so sound in logic, is now seen to be fallacious, according to the testimony of Dr. Simmons, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association.* The fact seems to be that the drug habit, so far from being a substitute for alcoholism, is a consequence of alcoholism. For the real effect of alcohol is to lower, not quicken, vitality, and thus in the end to make further stimulus essential. Thus disappears one more bugaboo of the "wets." Nothing is now left to them but the ridiculous issue of "personal liberty." How long will it take our misguided friends to learn that the overwhelming majority of Americans have highly resolved that one aspect at least of "personal liberty" is the right to be free from the burden and horror of drink?

An investigation of church attendance was recently conducted on a Sunday evening in eighteen churches in the so-called Times Square section of New York City. These churches included Catholic, Protestant and Jewish institutions, and possessed in their buildings a combined seating capacity of 16,000. On the Sunday evening when a count was made of the congregations assembled in these eighteen churches for services, it was found that only 1,817 persons in all were present. This is an appalling figure, especially when it is remembered that the Times Square district is thronged with tens of thousands of people on a Sunday evening, as on every other evening of the week. Nor is this the worst; for to these eighteen churches must be added the many others which have

long since given up their Sunday evening services because of the impossibility of persuading anybody to attend! And yet there are those who see nothing particular amiss with organized religion today! The optimism of the man who, tumbling from a twentieth story window, shouted gleefully at the sixth story that he was "all right so far," is as nothing compared to the optimism of these persons who look with complacence upon existing religious conditions. Our sectarian churches are dead. If they still lag superfluous upon the scene, it is only because of the momentum of past activity, the persistence of social tradition, and the power under capitalism of invested funds. Of the seething and onrushing life of our time, only the feeblest stream is trickling into the churches. Nothing is more certain than the fact that religion, as we have known it, is gone; and that a new religion, organized on a new basis of human relationships, is even now come upon us.

Of the growing alienation of men and women from the churches, there are curious signs these days. One of these is the rapid multiplication in our cities and towns of so-called "funeral churches." These of course are nothing more nor less than chapels, or audience chambers, attached by enterprising undertakers to the old-fashioned funeral parlors, for the use of people who have no church connections. To what extent these "funeral churches" are used, we do not know; but ministerial experience, coupled with casual inquiry, has persuaded us that they are used far more than we imagine. The majority of people today, in other words, no longer have churches, as they no longer have homes, for the burial of their dead. Of course, that these unchurched people should still desire religious services at such a solemn time, is evidence of what John Fiske so well called "the everlasting reality of religion." But this religion, thus surely surviving in the hearts of men, is *religion outside the churches;* and it is just this extraordinary fact which constitutes the dilemma of our day! Men are as religious now as they ever were, but they will have nothing to do with the churches. If this does not argue the need of a new church, what, pray, does?

It should be of great interest to America to learn how the British Government is making peace with Germany entirely apart from any concerted action of the Supreme Council. Chicago which did so much to feed the Allies when they were on the brink of bankruptcy may in particular be interested in the way the British Government is looking out for the interests of her colonies which supply meat and dairy produce. A message from Berlin informs us that "the *Vossische Zeitung* states that as a result of the negotiations between Geheimrat Merz, of the Food Ministry, and the British authorities in London, Great Britain will deliver 9,500 tons of wheat to Germany for cash. A further offer on the part of the British authorities to supply more wheat is made conditional on the purchase by Germany, at the same time, of Australian mutton and bacon for cash. This offer is the subject of negotiations which are being conducted in writing."

F. N.

While we are wasting our time in this country deciding what is to be done with the great merchant marine that was built up during the war the British Government is making arrangements for controlling such matters as ocean freights and shipping facilities. We must be up and doing if we are to enter into competition with the Mistress of the seas. "The Prime Minister has appointed an Imperial Shipping Committee to inquire into complaints from persons and bodies interested with regard to ocean freights, facilities, and conditions in the inter-Imperial trade or questions of similar nature referred to them by any of the nominating authorities, and to survey the facilities for maritime transport on such routes as appear to them to be necessary for trade within the Empire, and to make recommendations for co-ordination and improvement."

F. N.

The story of the rise of Paul Dardé is so romantic that it might fill pages of the Sunday editions of our newspapers if our editors were interested in art. He has leapt suddenly into fame and has won the much-coveted national prize at the Paris Salon for sculpture. He is only twenty-eight years old and is called affectionately "the young shepherd sculptor." The story goes that he was tending sheep in the Cevennes when an art professor travelling in the district was attracted by the way the boy cut animals and figures with an old jack-knife out of stumps of wood and soft stone. In his work there was revealed such marvellous skill that the professor questioned him and to his amazement found that although the boy was totally ignorant of the world beyond, he had read and understood much of Dante, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and the Bible. Dardé was taken to Paris and entered as a student at the National School of Art. Very soon, however, he found that they had taught him all that was necessary. Then he went to Italy to study the marvels of Michelangelo and Donatello with his own eyes. On his return he worked for some time in Rodin's studio. The war came and interrupted his work. A year or so ago he was demobilized. Quickly he sought the seclusion of his native hills of the Cevennes where he cut the two sculptures which have won for him such great renown at this Salon. One is a fawn, crouching and meditative, a peculiar thing denoting fearful power, but possessed of a fairy spirit. The other is called "Eternal Grief," a head very beautiful of a fainting woman tortured with the shame of a hundred serpents.

F. N.

Votes for Women!

From the very day of its foundation, more than forty years ago, UNITY has been an advocate of woman suffrage. Through all his life, Jenkin Lloyd Jones championed this great cause in season and out of season—if there was any "out of season" in such an instance!—and fortunately lived long enough to see the dawning of his hope fulfilled. Now at last the dawn has become full light of day. The task, so nobly wrought and at such cruel sacrifice through all these many years, is finished. The final victory was postponed by perversity of almost unexampled pettiness. The desperate tactics of the opposition in Tennessee savored not at all of heroic courage, but only of stupidity and graceless prejudice. But all this, and a thousand other shameful circumstances, are now a thing of the past. The women of America are enfranchised! They take, side by side with men, that place of equal privilege and responsibility in politics, which should have long ago been theirs!

There must be "joy in heaven" over this triumph so fought for in their day and generation by the mighty dead. We can see them gathered on the shining heights—Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Shaw, Wendell Phillips, Henry Stone Blackwell, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and a host of others—in happy congratulation over this long-awaited day. The sight of the harvest reaped from the sowing of blood and tears has always seemed to us to be the most certain, and in some ways also perhaps the most ecstatic, bliss of heaven. If this be so, the woman suffrage advocates of the generations gone, are today finding their great reward. And what they feel, we may be sure, is felt as well on earth; for earth is heaven in the harvest-day of achievement. We like to think of the tired minds and hands that now can rest—of the hearts that have tasted every draught of defeat and disappointment and hope deferred, that now quaff a cup running over with joy. There are thousands of splendid women, tired in this battle, or perhaps eager for a newer battle on a more perilous field, who are now breathing with a calm satisfaction and delight which at times they had despaired of ever feeling; and behind them are millions of other women, who have been humble workers in inconspicuous fields, or perhaps have been able to serve only as those who "only stand and wait," who feel this day a new dignity of womanhood and a finer possession of creative life. In the face of such experience as this, it is an easy thing to be charitable and forget the narrowness, the ignorance, the bigotry, which have made the opposition to woman suffrage in America the most shameful specimen of reaction in modern history.

It is perhaps a part of the irony which a fatalist like Thomas Hardy, for example, finds as a drop of poison in the cup of every human joy, that the woman suffrage victory comes at a time when the value of the ballot is being quoted at the lowest figure which it has ever reached on the political exchange. Before the advent of the Great War, we no more thought of doubting the efficacy of the franchise as an agency for social progress and reform, than we thought of doubting the efficacy of electricity as an agency for securing light and heat and power. The doctrine of Englishmen and Americans was almost unanimously that laid down by John Stuart Mill, when he spoke of "the enormous power of politics, that is to say, of legislation, to confer happiness and also to influence the opinion and the moral nature of the governed," and expressed his conviction that "this power is by far the greatest that it is possible to wield for human happiness." It was because of this idea of the potency of the franchise that Mill helped to organize "The National Society for Woman's Suffrage" as long ago as 1867, and at that time and occasion declared, "I can neither approve of women who decline the responsibility of wielding it (the ballot), nor of men who would shut out women from the right to wield it."

Now, after all these years of patient and self-sacrificing struggle, "votes for women" are at last secured. One-half the human race in America is enfranchised—only to be told, however, that such enfranchisement is worthless! At the very moment, in other words, that we complete that extension of democratic political power, the beginning of which has for so long been marked as an epoch in human history, we learn that this whole movement of democracy is "vanity." Political power is all a snare and a delusion. Social life has in our time shifted its center from politics to economics; and by economic weapons, such as the general strike, rather than by political weapons, such as the ballot, must the battle for human liberty now be fought. There was a time, undoubtedly—and John Stuart Mill lived in such a time!—before the industrial revolution had completed its transformation of our modern world, when the method of political action was all that it was described to be. But that time has now passed away forever. Woman suffrage comes too late. It wins its victory at an hour when, for all practical purposes of human betterment, it means nothing.

That economic and not political problems now lie at the heart of social life, is of course obvious enough. But it may be doubted if this necessarily means the deliberate scrapping of all that elaborate machinery of political control which has been built up at such cost during the last one hundred years. John Stuart Mill, after all, knew something about "the principles of economics," and lived not too early to see the significance of the invasion of the world by the new industrial order. And for this very reason did he look

upon politics not as an end in themselves, nor even as a means to political ends only, but very definitely as a means to economic ends. And there are some of us who look in vain, even in this period of cataclysmic chaos, for any event which has essentially changed this viewpoint. If the political weapon seems a futile thing these days, it is because we have not learned to use it amid the new and therefore strange perplexities of our modern day. We do not know how to apply the old method to the new problem. What we have here is simply the old task of adjustment—the using of our freedom, so dearly bought politically, for the winning of the new battle of economic freedom now pressing so heavily upon us.

Whether this be so or not—whether the direct actionists or the political actionists be right—there is no doubt that, at this dramatic moment of the universal enfranchisement of American women, this problem of how to gain our social ends, is the one great problem of the hour. Have the women won the ballot, only to find it, like the apples of Sodom, as dust and ashes in their grasp? Or have they won it, as the young knight in the age of chivalry won his sword, to use it for new victories on old heroic fields of strife? There are those of us who believe this day that the one great task before our English and American democracies is the vindication of the ballot as the method of achieving the farthest aims of revolutionary social change. Is it too much to say that in the hands of the twenty-two millions of American women enfranchised by the acceptance of the nineteenth amendment to the Constitution—itself a revolutionary change consummated by political means!—there lies the answer to this momentous question?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A VILLAGE PORTRAIT.

They said he was a scoffer, had no faith—
His neighbors on the mountain village street—
And added that he found his drink and meat
In argument; of course, he shunned the church.
His passion was to urge some old-time score,
Do battle for each lost Whig cause. He swore
And held one by the coat to gain a point.
When fired by talk he sang the "Marseillaise,"
His broken voice pitched high to catch the sway
And tumult that it stirred within his blood.
And then without a word, perhaps, he slipt away,
At eighty, on the mountainside, to stray
And fish the streams or hunt with his old hound.
When suddenly it came his time to die.
He spoke without a quaver. His keen eye
With piercing glance searched every face near his;
And then he called his youngest son apart,
The son who was the kernel of his heart—
The hidden sweet of all his bitter years—
"I'm going across the river by and by.
When you come, too, lad, bring your rod and fly."
They said he was a scoffer; had no faith.

Harper's Magazine. —*Margaret Steel Hard.*

CONTRIBUTED

Man's Deepest Need

What are the deepest and most permanent needs of man as he journeys through this life? Of course he must have food to eat and water to drink by the way, and clothing and shelter to protect him from the cold. These are essential, for without these he dies. But these alone, and all things else on the plane with these, satisfy the wants of only the brute beast in him. Is he only a brute beast? Has he no wants other than those of the ox or the tiger?

There is a higher side to his nature, which has its needs as deep and imperative as those of his body. He was made to think, and feel, and hope, and love, and will, and pray; to cherish truth, to obey reason, to champion right; to care for his fellow-men, to help every good cause; to abhor evil, to spurn wrong; to aspire after that which is above him, to love nature, to walk joyfully holily through the world, to keep his heart full of patience and trust to the end, and when the evening of his life's day comes,

Approach his grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

But where is he to get help to do all this? Yet his need for all this is quite as great as his need for food or drink or shelter for his body. For what would compensate if he should feed the animal in him and let the angel starve?

To be sure, in this world of so sore poverty and physical want and physical suffering, it is a problem how to supply adequately the bodily needs of the poor. The importance of this should not be overlooked. And yet the larger, deeper graver problem is how to supply the spiritual wants of both poor and rich. For, oh! how much ignorance, fear, sorrow, disappointment, pain, heart-break, despair, sin, lust, greed, cruelty, pride, profanity, hate, misery and evil in ten thousand forms is to be seen all up and down the world, among rich and poor alike! And where is this spiritual want and misery to find relief?

When man is hungry with that hunger which is of the soul, and which physical bread only mocks; when he thirsts with a thirst which the things of sense cannot quench, when he is tired, so that no bed can rest him, weary in mind and heart, tired of life itself; when hope fails; when strength is gone; when courage departs; when the currents of human friendship and love freeze; when sorrow and disappointment fall upon him and break his heart; when bereavement and death stand coldly, bitterly in his path and must be met; and saddest and most terrible of all, when temptations to evil roll over him like billows and sweep him under; and when sin, like a body of death, fastens itself on him, dragging him down, down, with resolves broken, desire baffled, will enfeebled, down, down—then, *then* where is help to be found? In what direction, in such deep needs as these, may we look for light or hope?

There is no direction but one; in all the world's ten thousand years of search for help in these her experiences of mightiest need, no at all adequate resource but one has ever been discovered. What is that? I need tell none who have thought, none who have observed, none who have read history, none who

have hearts—that resource is religion—the personal experience of religion in the soul—the conscious, purposeful, earnest opening of the soul's doors to the incoming of the spirit of God, the power of God, the peace of God, the love of God, the life of God. The tides of life from above once set flowing through a man, then, but only then, there is hope for any human soul. And that is the reason why religion, particularly the Christian religion, of God's Fatherhood and everlasting and unfailing love to all His children, has been able to reach, quicken, ennoble, sanctify, save men in every condition of life, among all classes, rich and poor, bond and free, high and low, learned and unlearned, kings and peasants—transforming sorrow into joy, disappointment into hope, weakness into strength, fear into courage, hate into love, selfishness and pride into generosity and self-forgetfulness, ill-doing into well-doing, oaths and curses into blessings and thanksgiving and songs of Trust.

Religion comes to us, not like so many others of earth's helpers, to offer us its aid only in hours of sunshine, and when all goes well. Rather does it proffer its help most urgently and generously when other resources fail. There is no time of sorest need in life, when it is not at hand for us if we will have it.

From the cradle to the grave
It comes to save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
It comes to save.

From doubt where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea,
It comes to set us free.

Oh! where its voice doth come,
There all doubts are dumb.
There all words are mild,
All strifes are reconciled,
All pains beguiled.
There light doth bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave
It comes to save.

How, in these deep needs of life, does religion as experience come to us to set us free and to save us? In the only way possible. By digging deeper and filling more full the fountains of life within us. By opening up anew the connection between our lives and the infinite life of God.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

BLIND.

So rapt was he with dreary vows
That sunrise found his spirit dead,
And lo! God's gift of golden dawn
Broke all in vain about his head!

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

The Holiest War Will Not Establish Peace

It is discouraging to hear men who are advertised as "peace advocates" still lamenting our "tardy entrance" into the war—"this holiest of holy wars." Yet this is what is taking place more than a year after the signing of the armistice, and it seems to be only the most "stupid" pacifists who cannot understand why one who believes that war is holy should advocate peace.

I was very much interested and pleased as I started to read a recent address by Rev. Edward Cummings, famous Boston pulpiteer and peace advocate, because he said plainly that traditional religion and patriotism were the greatest hindrances to civilization. But as I read on I lost my enthusiasm for he soon took the position that these things were also civilization's greatest help. The whole address was very clever, and I know that Mr. Cummings meant to point out that in national life men learn to subordinate selfish interests to the good of the state. But I could not help feeling as I put the paper aside, that the references to Germany as the sole cause of the war (holiest of holy wars!) and to the League of Nations as "an international council for devotion of strong to weak, each for all, all for each," were statements that seriously weakened the power of his address.

This famous pulpiteer, like many others, would give the impression that the war was all Germany's fault, that it was right for us to join in it, that we should have entered it sooner, and that the League of Nations was an honest attempt to bring about a state of justice and democracy in the world. But from what I have read upon the subject I cannot help feeling that England, France, et al. were also to blame for the war, that the underlying causes were unrighteous secret diplomacy, national greed, and the operation of industry for private gain instead of for public service.

That the League of Nations was not an honest attempt to establish justice and fair play among nations is being more definitely proved every day.

The way to stop drinking is to stop drinking. The way to stop fighting is to stop fighting. This most damnable of all wars has made me a real pacifist. The world will never be safe for democracy until the world *wants* democracy. Men are not converted to high ideals by force. You cannot make a man or a nation want international justice and world brotherhood by means of bayonets and cannon. Out of the heart are the issues of life. It is men's hearts that must be made clean, not their hands.

If you hold a pistol at a man's head you may govern the actions of his hands; but you cannot control the meditations of his heart by this means. Is it not obvious that when, "out of the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, thefts, false witness" (Mat. 15:19), that it is the heart that must be reached and purified?

Men's hearts are purified not by lifting up bombs, rifles, and poisonous gas before them, but by lifting up noble ideals before them in precept and example. "I, *if I be lifted up,* will draw all men unto myself" (Jn. 12:32).

Until we really *want* a true family of nations and are willing to subordinate the interests of our country to the interests of the human race and are willing to lay down our arms once and for all and lift up the Christian ideal it is folly to expect any permanent peace.

Lyndonville, Vermont. EDWARD A. LEWIS.

A Fable

Once upon a time in the land of Happiness and Holiness there lived a noble King whose custom it was once a year to hold open court to which all who had grievances might come, relate their troubles and have justice rendered. One year there came to this court an old man, a pilgrim who told of a strange land from whence he came far beyond the horizon of golden dreams where grievous misfortunes were preying upon the people. He came from the land of Reality where the people were oppressed by an evil spirit named Ill-will, and a host of retainers. There were Greed and Covetousness and their ill-favored son Envy. There was Vanity who had never been to school and had never learned wisdom, who made playthings of mankind and was reverent toward none of the sacred things of life. One of the most powerful and perhaps the most feared of the evil spirits who ministered unto Ill-will was Poverty, who in a land of plenty made happiness impossible for most of the people. Poverty travelled hand in hand with Death in the footsteps of Militarism the most crafty and insidious of all the disciples of Ill-will. Militarism hypnotized the mind of the people and caused them to murder their brothers, sometimes even in the name of religion. They did this by means of a curious institution called warfare, which allowed a few men to order multitudes to fall to killing one another, without even allowing the multitudes to say whether they wished to kill or not. If there were those who refused to partake in this dreadful system, or even doubted the wisdom of it, and told others their beliefs, they were shut up in ingenious places of filth and torture called prisons. Militarism knew nothing of pity or compassion. He made himself attractive, and carried with him swank and swagger, stately music, glittering steel, and bright banners that the people loved "even unto death." He arrayed himself in the glowing robes of patriotism which he had stolen. The people, because they loved their country, and to them these things symbolized their country, called Militarism a patriot, and enlisted under his fateful banners. A great madness came upon the people. Out of the poverty of the masses there were builded gigantic and costly equipments for the purpose of killing. With these terrible instruments the children of one universal father went out, divided into groups called Nationalities, to slaughter. Fathers wrung the hands of their sons, and mothers put away their tears. Millions of brothers were killed, and others had the beautiful bodies that God had given them ripped and torn and horribly mangled. Women were dishonored. Children and old men and old women died of starvation. Dread Disease, another evil spirit, walked in the prison camps, and upon the battle-fields, and found time to wander far from the scene of conflict, to come in the night, and steal away the loved ones from homes where peace had dwelt. Schools and theatres closed but the pestilence still raged till thoughtful men cried out, "The wages of sin is death." Enough blood was spilled to kill the fishes of the streams, enough tears were shed to float the black gondolas of despair down the river of Broken Hopes. At pauses in the conflict, men sat around a council table and made what were called "conditions of peace." But Greed, Covetousness and Envy were most powerful, and Reason, a sober spirit who could have ended it all was made their servant, and the fair spirit Love was not allowed a voice or vote. But the mother of every boy slain in the conflict cared more for one lock from the head of her dead son than she did for all the conditions of peace and armistice. The mothers had never complained for they too were deceived by the gorgeous garments of Militarism, and the text books in the schools had made war glorious, so mothers did not protest when their sons were torn from their arms, but were brave because they thought it noble.

In the land of Reality Fear stalked in every man's lane. It pursued him on rising. It dogged his steps all day. It followed him to bed.

Deceit was popular and was entertained by rich and poor, by the learned and untutored alike. He seemed necessary to life.

Despair sat at every man's table, and none could cast him out altogether.

The land from which the old pilgrim had come had once been an asylum for all who were in distress. The bright folds of its banner had sent a gleam of hope into the hearts of oppressed peoples beyond the seas, and spelled for them a land of opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But in the strange and terrible days that had come upon the land, it had become a crime to desire a change in the government, and people were put into prison for their ideas. Men and women were torn from their families, which were often left without means of support, and herded like cattle into prisons and sent out of the country without having been found guilty of any crime by an impartial jury of their peers. The land from which the old pilgrim hailed had once been a representative government, and it had been the proud boast of all who loved their country that it was not necessary to resort to force to secure change in government, but of late duly elected representatives of the people had not been allowed to take their seats in legislative assemblies.

The newspapers lived upon the patronage of those who had special privilege to defend and thus became defenders of wrong and venders of falsehoods.

The priests of the country feared liberal education of the people, for they had been lying to the people for years, and if the people learned the truth, their superstitions would disappear, and the elaborate institution of priestcraft would disappear with it.

The ministers of that land were supported mainly by the wealthy, so had to be careful what they preached lest some would become angry and withdraw their support. Thus they tended to become apologists for the status quo of things, talked of trivial things, told the working man to be content, mind the kitten, say his prayers, and when he died he would go to Heaven where there would be no unjust conditions. All he needed to do was to wait until he died and then he would get a square deal.

The wage-earner of that land was incredibly stupid. Although in none but the most superficial sense were his interests the same as his employer, he went to his employer's church and listened to the sermons that his employer allowed to be preached, or else did not go at all. He voted the same ticket as his employer did, and quoted the sayings of his boss. At night he was too tired to read and study. There were times when he had glimpses of liberty, when he yearned for the finer things of life, but as he grew older his courage waned. Poverty was his daily companion, Despair sat at his table, Fear continually goaded him. He lived out his life in fear of unemployment, of sickness,

of accident, of old age, of death. He distrusted the fellow-worker at the same bench with him, he distrusted his religion, his priest or minister. He grew skeptical of Heaven and Hell. The sacred things of life he never mentioned as he grew older, and he grew cold toward all who wanted to love him.

Perhaps strangest of all the revelations of the old pilgrim was that in the land of reality the white brothers preyed upon their black brothers, often murdering them, burning their houses, their churches, their lodge rooms, denying them adequate education, and exploiting them for economic gain. Indeed in parts of that strange country the white brothers would not fellowship with the black brothers, no, not even ride in the same cars with them.

The listeners at the court of the land of Happiness and Holiness were much astonished. They could scarce understand a society organized on the principle of fight and competition. In the land of reality a man had to fight from the cradle to the grave. He had to fight for the material things necessary to life as food, shelter, and raiment. He had to fight for an education, over religion and philosophy. He had to fight to win the woman he loved, he had to fight to retain that love. He had to fight to establish a family. He had to fight to maintain the integrity of the home, and only a small proportion of the population of that country had homes in any proper sense of the word. He had to fight over the making of the laws, the interpreting of the laws, the enforcing of the laws. From birth till death a man was in competition with his brothers for the good things of life. If he won happiness, it was marred by the unhappiness it meant to others. If he won wealth its enjoyment was rendered less by the appalling poverty of his brothers. If he won a place of prominence it was over the backs of the less able. Happiness in such a state could belong only to the very wise and very strong who were able to attain such ends as they sought.

It was not so in the land of Happiness and Holiness to which the old pilgrim had come; for there society was organized on the principle, not of competition, but of co-operation. There was no such thing as warfare there, for a long time ago, before the memory of the oldest inhabitant, at the time when the country became the land of Happiness and Holiness, the people had beaten swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks. Over the lintels of every schoolhouse was written, "He who taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword." Every child in the schools was taught "to overcome evil with good." The smallest tot in the schools could recite "Do men gather grapes of thistles, or figs of thorns?" And knew that no good is born from evil. "If a man smite thee upon the right cheek turn to him the left also." "Return good for evil." These wise sayings were upon the lips of every man and were taught every child. Everyone in that land knew that God was the Universal Father of all, thus all men were brothers and the happiness of every individual a sacred thing to be well guarded. It was a common saying in that land that "God hath made of one all nations," so they had done away with imaginary lines of national domain and all men were universally loved regardless of their language or race, and all were free to live where they pleased and to trade with whom they pleased. In that land men worked for the common good, and produced goods for use and not for profit or wages, thus they knew nothing of the painful and elaborate and wasteful commercial organizations of the land of Reality, which condemned all but the drones to lives of labor and left little time for soul culture. In the land of Happiness and Holiness the weaker brothers were given the best opportunities, and there was the help of the strong for the weak until the weak became strong. There every man called every other man "Brother" regardless of the color of his skin or ideas. No courts at law were needed in that land, for it was the law that "If a man sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." . . . .

The court of the land of Happiness took council as to what could be done for the land of Reality, and at last it was decided to send to them the brave knight Good-will, to bring to the people of that unhappy country the good tidings of the unselfish life, the life of service and co-operation. Good-will did not attire himself in glittering armor, but went simply as one of the people. He arrived at a small village in a remote part of the land, and "there was no room at the inn" and his first night was spent in a stable. His first friends and converts were shivering shepherds from off a neighboring hillside and tired wise men traveling from afar. But strange as it may seem when he began his ministry to his brothers they "received him not," for "They loved darkness better than light." For nearly two thousand years the good Knight has traveled over the land of Reality, and yet thousands have "received him not."

However, the good Knight has brought light into dark places. He has "made crooked things straight." He has entered the homes of the destitute and the desolate and brought them cheer. He has touched broken hearts and they were comforted. His gentle hand has plucked away the bitter barbs of death. In the great pilgrimage of life he travels with all who let him. He carries in his hand the magic wand of truth. With it he touches Superstition and it becomes Knowledge, with it he turns Covetousness into Altruism, Vanity into Humility, Poverty into Plenty, Deceit into Frankness, Licentiousness into Purity, Despair into Hope.

The end of the story we do not know. The good Knight needs recruits. Without them he cannot win. We hope that the story will be told over and over with much love by our children and our children's children for successive generations until it shall have a happy ending in the supremacy of the knight of the good tidings.

HAROLD GUY DON SCOTT.

SONG.

In one blue cosmic haze there wheels
Each throbbing planet, earth and star,
And every meadow flower reveals
Life's mystic message without mar.

In every song of paint or pen,
In every molded bit of stone,
There dwells the longing of all men
To speak, to journey not alone.

And all the trades of all the clans
Move in the merest village mart,
While all the pain that love-light fans,
Sobs in the depth of one poor heart!

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SELECTED

The Women's Uprising

From a sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to the Women's Congress held in Chicago in May, 1893.

Woman at last has dared to partake of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and has found that it is "good for food." Now let her follow the example of Eve, and give it also unto her husband that the eyes of both of them may be opened, that they may know their nakedness, and together they may clothe themselves and enter into life's struggle to win that Eden yet to be, the Eden of mutual equality in the home and in the state. Once Adam awoke to a sense of his loneliness and yearned for a companion; the day has come when woman, who here in America today belongs to the more favored class of society and occupies the vantage ground, must awake to the sense that it is not good for her to be alone in the intellectual realms of life, not good to be alone in the struggle for advancement and reform. Nay, let her realize that it is not right for her to be alone. The woman must not let the man lag behind; she must reach down and lift up her brother, reach back and pull forward her husband and speed the halting steps of father. I know that man has set a sorry example. If it were a tit-for-tat game, woman would be justified in climbing to the box of the coach, seizing the reins and proceeding to drive for the next century, making man open the gates and water the horses while she does the driving; letting man earn the money while she spends it, letting man build the house which she will manage. For this kind of thing woman is developing splendid aptitude; but a finer tissue has been woven into the nature of the woman of the nineteenth century than was put into the masculine fabric of the dark ages. Woman is not going to do so cruel and selfish a thing as to say, is it "my turn now;" but by the power of thought she is going to ensphere man's life with an atmosphere of love. Man still confronts the inhospitable elements, his strong arms are still battling with want, hunger and cold; and woman is going to strengthen those arms with a finer love than ever before. Her heart will be truer than ever because it is in league with a clearer head. I am glad of these women's clubs, conventions and congresses so far as they are training schools to the intellect, so far as they discipline lives and put the tools in order. I deplore them when they are allowed to widen the chasm between man and woman; to give her contempt for either his faults or his virtues; rather it is for her to pity the one and emulate the other, for in both she shares. Woe to her if she grows indifferent to either. The fine point in the life of a woman today is to know how to enjoy her intellectual independence and to release her moral and social nature with men, and not without them. It is a sense of her weakness, a confession of poverty that has led her to seek these means of improvement by co-operation with her own sex alone. As strength and wisdom come, let her give to eat to Adam also. In so far as the triumphs of the next century are to be more mental than physical, more spiritual than material, in so far must woman become more and more a contributor to the wealth of the generation.

* * * *

The insincerity of the modern woman is displayed nowhere so painfully as in the flat contradiction between her club life and her church life; in the one, aggressive, independent, intellectual; in the other, quiescent, conformant, sentimental. It is the scandal of our churches that they are chiefly sustained by women. In so far as women accept creeds and conform to ceremonies which the intelligence of men has outgrown, she concealing the distrust which the integrity of men has confessed, the reproach belongs to women. In so far as the same is true because women have reached up into nobler heights of altruism than their brothers, into greater love for things eternal, into stronger passions for usefulness, a diviner hunger for things infinite and eternal, the scandal belongs to the men. Some women may support the churches in spite of their creeds, preferring to be misunderstood as to their intellect than to be misguided in their conduct. When women have partaken of this rarer fruit they will not be turned aside by scoff or taunt, but will work with men and for men until that religion which is simple but profound, sincere and earnest, loving because loyal, shall abound, and men and women shall find their kindred ties in the fullness of mind and that wealth of honest love which bears the human heart upon its bosom towards the infinite love as the river hurries the ship into the sea.

For in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!

THE STUDY TABLE

Wm. Z. Foster's "The Great Steel Strike"

Wm. Z. Foster's recent book "The Great Steel Strike" is unique in many respects. The author, having been on the national committee that organized the strikers, is well qualified to write such a book because of his practical experience in the field, resulting in a thorough knowledge of the facts. It is indeed an enlightening contribution.

In the fourteen chapters, he discusses the disheartening effect of the failure of former strikes and considers at length the working conditions and other causes that led up to the break with the steel corporation and its subsidiaries. It is significant that he outlines in detail the six efforts that labor made to come to a settlement. "They were: (1) The letter of Mr. Gompers to Mr. Gary requesting a conference; (2) the visit to his office of the National Committee conference committee, equipped with the power to set a strike date; (3) the appeal to President Wilson to arrange a conference; (4) organized labor's resolution

in the National Industrial Conference to have that body set an arbitration board; (5) the offer of arbitration by John Fitzpatrick while testifying before the Senate Committee; and, (6) the Interchurch mediation incident." Mr. Foster has included many valuable reprints of letters which were exchanged between the representatives of organized labor and the parties through whom labor was attempting to arrive at a settlement with the employers. All attempts were futile. As the author says, "Mr. Gary's policy is the time-honored one of all tyrants, rule or ruin. The unions had no option but to fight, and this they did to the best of their ability." When Mr. Gary wrote the National Committee that "our corporation and subsidiaries, although they do not combat labor unions as such, decline to discuss business with them," what other course was left to labor but the economic pressure which Garyism will eventually have to respect,—in labor.

Startling to the average reader must be the disclosure of the tactics of the Pennsylvania State Police, the almost complete suppression of the constitutional rights of the workers, and the corruptness, in many instances, of the press, public officials and even the courts! To the radical who is well-read these facts are not new; they form detailed corroborative evidence and convince beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In the concluding part of the book Mr. Foster considers the reasons for the "failure," among which were: labor's lack of confidence (attributed largely to former failures) and the fact that sufficient organizers were not available. One must consider also the variety of races involved and that "all the powers that be" were utilized to drive the workers into submission through fear, coercion and even by means of brute force. A deceitful press indulged in its usual orgy of falsification and was influential in creating an antagonistic public opinion. The author firmly believes that in the next steel strike, which incidentally, he affirms is sure to come within a few years unless conditions change, the railroad men and miners must cooperate. He says there must be more solidarity. Thus does this great labor leader prove his case. That the book is an extremely valuable contribution to the cause of labor no one can deny. The progress of humanity demands that it be brought to the attention of the public and that it have a wide distribution.

NORMAN E. HIMES.

Through Ninety Years

MY LIFE STORY. Amy Davis Winship. Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston.

This little book contains a brief account of the life of a woman whose ninetieth birthday is in sight. It is the simple story of a simple normal life such as in its general features might be told by many thousands of wide awake American women who happen to live in the Middle West during the rapid developments of the last three-quarters of a century. It scarcely bears the earmarks of an autobiography, it is too sketchy for that. The pronoun "I" appears far too seldom to warrant any such title. Mrs. Winship skims over decades, many of them, with bare hints at personal experiences, and yet one cannot fail to recognize that this woman of big heart, alert intelligence and natural womanly curiosity lived a full life and fulfilled her early promise to herself to develop character and mentality to her utmost. Nothing in the way of a current cult or cause escaped her attention: Phrenology, hydrography, spiritualism, suffrage, temperance and various aspects of politics and religion all presented themselves to her as present day problems which, in connection with her wide range of reading, were calculated to keep the mind active and the sympathies alive. She was an early and ardent abolitionist and latterly a consistent pacifist.

Perhaps the most striking thing in the book is the account of her determination to begin to reap the benefits of university life at the age of seventy-nine. Professor Ross of the Wisconsin University, in an introduction to the book says: "Towards the end of this century someone will write a doctor's thesis on 'The Octogenarian Renaissance.' After describing the growth of the white-haired contingent in the student body of our great universities and the development of courses, dormitories, activities and other contests adapted to their needs, the author will say, 'The initiator of this movement of rejuvenescence was Mrs. Amy D. Winship, who in 1910, at the age of seventy-nine, enrolled as a regular student of the University of Ohio and passed her eighties in the higher educational institutions of America."

No wonder there was amusement in the office of the registrar of the University of Ohio when in answer to the query on the entrance slip, "From what school or college have you graduated and when?" she wrote, "From a log schoolhouse in Stephenson County, Northern Illinois, in 1847." And she is still, in her eighty-ninth year, regularly pursuing her studies in some one of the colleges of the country.

Many notable persons came within her personal contact, including Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard, William Lloyd Garrison and Robert G. Ingersoll, but the great pride and joy of her life was that she had met and talked with Abraham Lincoln several times, and the chapter devoted to her memories of Lincoln will surely prove the greatest attraction to the readers of her book. At the time of the senatorial campaign in Illinois in 1858, she, as a young married woman whose husband was a member of the state legislature, lived in Springfield, Ill. Of the seven noted debates between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas this favored young couple heard five, and this was the beginning of the admiration and loyalty which during the long years has never weakened in the heart of this woman and which sent her young husband to his death at the call of "Father Abraham."

Her philosophy of life is best expressed in the following lines from her own pen:

MY CREED.

The finest thing beneath the sun
Is brave, right living;
Duty done at stroke of hour,
Kind thoughts bestowed,
A life to ease a brother's load,
Temptation overcome;
Some cause pushed forward—
And then a restful pause
To let the uprising good
In our own hearts find its little rood
In which to grow.

A. L. K.

News From Europe

From The Manchester Guardian.

French Colonial Policy:

The Temps, the semi-official organ of the French foreign office, has rendered a service to the cause of colonial progress by drawing attention to the recent backslidings of French colonial policy. It complains in the first place that attempts are being made to monopolize for the benefit of France certain colonial products. Such a policy is as nefarious from the point of view of economic reconstruction as from that of goodwill among the Allies, who are the only colonial powers remaining. But let us hasten to recognize that, though the French government may have gone a step farther than the British, our own is a good second on the same path. Much more disturbing are the accusations made by *The Temps* on another point. Last year an international convention on the liquor traffic was signed, which was to put an end to the wicked encouragement which the white man has given to vice nothing less than murderous for the tropical populations. Our government immediately gave effect to the convention by prohibiting the import of spirits into West Africa. On July 8, 1919, the French government followed with a similar decree, but made it applicable only to the import of *foreign* spirits. In that way, says *The Temps,* "a humanitarian measure was transformed by one stroke of the pen into a measure of skilful protectionism." The French decision called forth a diplomatic protest from the British government. An opportunity was thereby offered to France to correct what, after all, may have been an excess of patriotic zeal on the part of some official. But what did the French government actually decide? "To restore on the Ivory Coast and in Dahomey—that is, precisely in those colonies where liquor is doing the greatest harm—complete liberty of import for all spirits, French or foreign." This decision is not merely a flagrant violation of the obligations of a quite recent convention, but a disturbing revelation of policy. One of the fundamental prescriptions of the part of the Treaty of Versailles dealing with the question of mandates is that the traffic in strong drink for the natives shall be prohibited. But if the convention is ignored and violated what prospect is there that the treaty will fare any better?

Surrender of L 71:

What is the meaning of the secrecy surrounding the surrender of the German airship L 71, which arrived unexpectedly at Pulham aerodrome, Norfolk. Naturally Germany was not anxious for publicity, so L 71 was sent over before anyone expected her. She carried no wireless, and even our Air Ministry officials had no idea she was on her way. There was no landing party waiting for her, and she had to be moored by a party of local military which was suddenly called out.

The sudden appearance of Germany's latest and largest type of airship over the east coast prevented any elaborate stage-managing of the surrender, as was the occasion in 1918 when the German fleet was handed over. On that occasion permits were issued to the press, the proceedings were vividly described, and the whole event was regarded as a matter of great and popular interest. Except for one or two paragraphs in the morning papers, however, the surrender of the airships has been almost unheralded. But there is surely no need for a continuance of this secrecy.

Inquiries at the Air Ministry as to what was going to be done with L 71 produced no definite information. So far as could be gathered, press permits are not to be issued, and nothing further is to be said.

Deportation of Guardians of Gibraltar:

The Barbary apes, guardians of Gibraltar, and the only wild monkeys in Europe, are to be deported from "the Rock." Such is the edict of General Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien. It is a tradition that every Governor of Gibraltar shall issue at least one order in connection with these animals. Other governors have ordered them to cease stealing fruit, to stay in certain areas, and one kindly soul ordered them to be maintained at the Empire's expense. A garrison order in 1856 forbade any attempt on their lives. In 1863 only three of them were left, but Sir William Codrington went across to Africa for four young monkeys of the same species, who kept the race alive. Catching them for deportation will be a difficult task, as they are adepts at swinging down 100-foot precipices. There is one specimen of the tribe in the Zoo. It has been there 17 years, and was presented by General Sir Archibald Hunter.

Reparation and Germany's Wealth:

The memorandum on Germany's capacity to pay for reparation which the German Government has presented to the Peace Conference, as material for the Spa Conference, declares that Germany's national wealth before the war may be reckoned at 220 milliard gold marks, whereas today after the loss of her colonies and her entire mercantile marine, and after the consumption of all stocks and means of production, the country's wealth can at most be estimated at 100 milliards gold marks, from which figure foreign debts aggregating between eight and ten milliards must be deducted.

The memorandum goes on to point out that Germany's trade balance shows a deficit, and can only show a surplus when Germany has fully recovered. It further states that Germany's economic recovery is impossible without her financial recovery. The carrying out of the Peace Treaty in its present form, continues the memorandum, will still further endanger the country's financial situation.

If the Peace Treaty necessitates a purely financial burden of only 60 milliards of gold marks, this would mean a liability of about 40,000 marks for a household of four persons, or 2,400 marks yearly at an interest rate of six per cent. As, however, present taxes already have to provide 30 milliards, a household of four persons would under the above-mentioned conditions be burdened with an annual taxation of 4,400 marks. In 1918 81 per cent of Prussian taxpayers had an income of less than 3,000 marks annually.

It is further stated that the credit situation of German finance cannot be saved by the forcible means of State bankruptcy. The large amount of German war stock is in the hands of the poorer classes, whom State bankruptcy would drive into the camp of social anarchy, and, as Germany's entire economic life is based on credit, State bankruptcy would result in complete social and political collapse. Without economic liberty and economic collaboration with other peoples Germany can neither reconstruct her economic life nor regulate her finances, and without the regulation of her finances the punctual fulfilment of her obligations is impossible. If political liberty of movement be restored to Germany, concludes the memorandum, it is to be hoped that her people, who are accustomed to work, will exert all their strength on behalf of the reconstruction of the country's economic life.

Restoration of Cyprus:

Some elders in Parliament now are likely to be stirred by the revival of the Greek appeal for the restoration of Cyprus, for Cyprus was a word which lit many flames in the political controversies of the seventies. There was the premature disclosure in a London newspaper of the Cyprus Convention, which stirred Cabinet Ministers, presumably hardened even then, to angry expostulation. There was the furious controversy in the Cabinet and the House of Lords as to whether Lord Derby really had resigned, as he said, over the projected seizure of Cyprus from Turkey, to save the Sultan from the embarrassment of a demand, Lord Derby's colleagues being certain that he resigned first and pleaded Cyprus afterwards. It was Cyprus which, coupled with the Transvaal, drew from Gladstone some of the most fiery passages in the Midlothian campaign, and brought in return from Disraeli the famous reference to sophistical rhetoricians and so forth. The people who regarded Cyprus as a splendid acquisition and the people who regarded it as valueless squabbled to exasperation till the matter came to an end when the Gladstone Government decided to use Cyprus as a *place d'armes* for Egypt, and Queen Victoria annotated the decision with a sardonic regret that "our dear Lord Beaconsfield" had not lived to see this vindication of his policy.

An Experiment in Cotton-Growing:

An interview with Count Sforza, of Italy:

"I want to emphasize to English business men that coal is our life, and we ask to be permitted to live. We are pulling ourselves together. The process will continue. Take a concrete example. We need cotton; we are starting growing experiments at Juba. We do not build up exaggerated hopes but we will try that out to the limit of its possibilities." H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MILITARISM VERSUS BOLSHEVISM IN EUROPE.

[I translate the following from a private letter of Dr. Alfred H. Fried, a well-known journalist and editor of Friedenswarte, now of Vienna, from which city he was banished by the Austrian government at the beginning of the war because of his opposition to the Kaiser.—DAVID STARR JORDAN.]

My hopes are still turned toward your land. When the presidential election is past America must make her influence in Europe count that order and prosperity may return. If America loses her interest in Europe in a few years we shall turn bolshevistic. The powers of the west dominated by militarism still believe they can conquer bolshevism with arms. In this they have suffered a defeat in Poland. Bolshevism can only be conquered through a firm democracy oriented toward peace. This is impossible to develop without America's co-operation in Europe. Your country must take it in hand to reconcile France and Germany. The present condition not only endangers both people but also the whole of Europe. There must be a German-French peace decided around a green table on which both peoples can speak and act. If that does not take place then in Germany we shall have a monarchistic-militarist reaction and in France a military dictatorship and as a result a new bloody ring with the triumph of Lenine and Trotsky. It cannot be a matter of indifference to your country that we here in the East Europe have become Balkanized. Murder rules Hungary, starvation rules Austria, and sovietism with all its sad results dominates in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. We need reason above all things, that you Americans can give. Bread is much —but reason is far more.

[From the Bund Neues Vaterland, an association of Democrats in Germany.—D. S. JORDAN.]

In connection with the murder of Hans Paasche, we turn to the public to draw attention to the terrible situation of Germany.

During the last year and a half, all those who have thrown themselves into the struggle against war-madness and labored for a new future for Germany, have been methodically slaughtered. As it is, for the time being, impossible to shoot down all the masses who stand against the reign of terror of the Junkers, the military party, and the great industries, the leaders of the revolutionaries and those who opposed the war are being murdered first. We call to mind Liebknecht, Luxemburg, Eisner, Jogishces and Landauer; the leaders of the workmen at Spandau, the twenty-eight sailors and the fifteen workmen who were murdered in Thuringia by students. The legal reports all show that all these murders go unpunished, or as good as unpunished. The murders occur without any form of law, or with the parody of one, the favorite pretext being that the victim was "shot while trying to escape."

Latterly those in particular are being pursued who are proved or suspected to be pacifists. One need only think of the attempts on the lives of Erzberger and v. Gerlach. Furran was murdered during the Kapp rising, and now it is Hans Paasche. This case throws a lurid light on a new state of affairs. The former murders occurred in a state of open civil war. The excitement of the officer-murders might be pleaded in their defense. But the central organization for murder now lets such bloody deeds be done in order to stir up a political disturbance. While fighting to suppress such a revolutionary movement—artificially created by themselves—they hope to be able to carry their further plans into effect. These consist in the first place of the erection of a military dictatorship, the annihilation of the few remaining gains acquired by the struggles of 1918 and in addition to this, they are then planning a war of revenge.

It was possible through the determined resistance of the working people, employees, and officials to strangle in its very beginnings the Lüttwitz rising, which was intended to realize these aims. This rising could not develop in the way intended; for its failure the lack of political and technical preparation was also responsible. The counter-revolutionists are therefore working for a better preparation for a new coup d'etat. They are favored in this undertaking by the powerlessness and the fatal shortsightedness of the government. The government has not only omitted to fulfill its promises made in March—but it is permitting the Reichswehr to be purged by the generals of all republicans. Up to the present time, not one of the war criminals and not one of the instigators of the Kapp rising has been brought to trial in Germany, while on the contrary many hundreds of those who fought against Kapp in March

UNITY is a weekly paper which for forty-two years, under the editorship of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, upheld the fundamental principles of religion, political economy, and social relations; and this policy is maintained under the new editors, John Haynes Holmes and Francis Neilson. During the War UNITY was steadfast to the cause of righteousness and good will among the peoples of the earth. It has constantly dealt with the grave economic and political problems of Europe and the rest of the world in a straightforward unflinching manner, and it has from time to time published information of deep interest to its readers with which no other paper in the United States has dealt. It is non-sectarian. It advocates free religion and equal opportunity, as the means of uniting all peoples in the bonds of fellowship and amity. UNITY seeks to direct the minds of its readers to all that is best in the world of thought as expressed in the literature of the day, and its literary reviews are not the least valuable part of the several departments which its staff conducts from week to week. There are men and women of international renown writing for its columns and its subscribers are to be found in all the important countries of the world.

If these principles appeal to you, will you not subscribe and interest your friends?

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

700 Oakwood Boulevard Chicago, Illinois

$3.00 ($3.50 in Canada; $4.00 in other countries) for a year's subscription to UNITY, or 50 cents for a ten weeks' trial subscription to UNITY. Single copies, 10 cents.

Name ..... City .....

Street ..... State .....

Schumann & Company

Cleaners of

FANCY GOWNS AND KID GLOVES

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC

COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

have been shot or condemned to severe prison sentences.

The coming of the military dictatorship is being made possible only because the government, just as before March, 1920, refuses to recognize the danger of a military uprising. By allowing the militarists free play now as before, it is facilitating the work of the central murder-organization. Salvation can only come when the German people fully realize and grapple with the present peril. In the first place, there must be demonstrations all over Germany to insist on the immediate punishment of all murderers and those responsible for the uprising in March, the immediate disbandment of the voluntary corps, temporary voluntary corps, and militia, and the immediate transformation of the remaining forces into a body of troops devoted to the republic. The fulfilment of the March promises must be carried out. ON THE BASIS OF ARTICLE 73 OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE REPUBLIC, THE ABOLITION OF SPECIAL MILITARY COURTS MUST BE BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE PEOPLE'S DESIRE AND DECISION.

The reconstruction of Germany, like that of the rest of Europe, is possible only through the co-operation of pacifists and socialists in all countries. As long as militarism prevails in Germany and as long as pacifists suffer violence or are murdered with impunity, this co-operation is impossible. We therefore appeal to the friends of world-peace and international reconciliation everywhere to put an end to tyrannical militarism. Only when militarism has been vanquished in Germany, can it be extirpated in the rest of Europe.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER

JOHN FAVILLE, D.D., Ph.D.

Here is a new discussion of an old subject; a modern interpretation of an old creed.

The author in his preface says: "I believe that the teaching that God is Our Father is the greatest truth that came from Jesus." His aim is to show the meaning and the worth of this truth for this world and for all worlds.

The book is a genuine and timely contribution toward putting Jesus' revelation of "Our Father" in its rightful place in our Christian thought and our Christian faith.

That it is not duplicated in its scope and method by any volume yet written on this subject, is a startling claim for this book, but an examination of it will prove this claim.

THE STRATFORD COMPANY, *Publishers*

12 Pearl Street *12mo, cloth, $1.25 net* Boston, Mass.

The Social Evolution of Religion

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE
Foreword by John Haynes Holmes

THE STRATFORD COMPANY
Publishers
12 Pearl Street Boston, Mass.
8vo. cloth, 440 large pages. $3.50 net
Postage 20 cents
Sent to any address by mail or can be ordered from any bookseller

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.

PRINTERS and BINDERS

Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

. . . . . "who would be abreast of thought"

SHOULD READ

The Christian Register

16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

A Weekly Journal of Constructive and Progressive Religion

Subscription $3 Club Rates
SEND FOR FREE COPY

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK